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A Supplement
TO THE
Last Will and Testament
OF
ANTHONY
EARL of *SHAFTSBURY*,

With his last Words, as they were taken in *Holland*, where he Died, *January* the 20*th*, 1682.

MOurn! *England*, Mourn! let not thy Griefs be feign'd,
The *Tap* so long upon the Lees is Drain'd.
The Cringing *Pillar* of the *State* and *Church*
Is fall'n, and left his Proselites ith' Lurch.
Alas! what will become oth' *Reformation*?
The *Popish Plot*, and black *Association*?
Our *Rights* and *Liberties*, and *Good Old Cause*?
Patch'd *Juries*, and the *Ignoramus* Laws?
What will become oth' *Saints* in *Tribulation*?
If *Tory*-Loyalty comes into Fashion.
The *Salamanca* Doctor must take Post,
If *Thompson*, and *Lestrange* must Rule the Roost.
And Monkey *Care*, *Gotham*, and *Snivelling Dick*,
Must from the *Hague*, ev'n follow, to Old-Nick.

In vain we strive to shun th' appointed Fate,
That on the *Knave*, as well as *Fool*, does wait.
Though I (said he) have drawn Infectious Breath,
And Liv'd this Eighty Years in spight of Death:
Had I been Hang'd but Fifty Years agone,
Less Treason had Ensu'd, less Mischief done.

But

But as there is an Evil Genius waits
On private Men, so there's in *Publick States*.
The Universal Tempter of Mankind,
That always in the Ditch will lead the Blind,
Of Sin and Faction, the allotted Bane,
And for that very Cause has leave to Reign.
Else *Bolzebub*, [illegible] I'd been [illegible]
But that he fear'd, I shou'd supplant him too.
Thus, like the Devil, I was Born a Curse
To all Mankind. My Lord and Master, worse
Betray'd, like *Judas*, while I kept the Purse.

Yet still, in every State, I walk'd secure,
Grave with the King, and Jocun'd with the Whore;
And never did one Lucky Mischief Brew,
But Grateful Lawrels still adorn'd my Brow:
In every State have so Successful Bin,
As Fame alone were the Rewards of Sin.

And all this while, not the Seveareſt Law
Cou'd find me Faulty, though they found a Flaw.
Still by my *Art*, or *Ignoramus* Friends,
I *Guiltless* seem'd, and still pursu'd my Ends.
For what was all this specious Pretence?
Of Subjects Rights, and Safety of the Prince?
Religion, Liberty, Association?
But to Betray all, and Inslave the Nation?
Which by so many Plots I did Inthral,
Whilst the blind Rabble Worship'd me as *Baal*.

But now the *Mist* is Vanish'd from their Eyes.
They see my Crimes through all its thick Disguise;
(Though, for the *Saints*, and *Brethren*, I dare say,
I cou'd have kept in *Ignorance* to this Day,)
Once Sons of Light: But now the *Saints* are blind,
While *Tories*, *Janus*-like, have Eyes behind.

Thus, all my Shams discover'd, I poor I,
Was forc'd, although my Wings were Clip'd, to Flie;
Nay, though no Legs I had, my Gate was Fleet,
Oblig'd to Travel, though I had no Feet:
From Justice (all my Crimes laid at my Door)
Found power to run, who cou'd not Crawl before.

Old

Old and Decriped, Gout-Toes, Scarr'd Shins,
Turn Pilgrim in my Dotage for my Sins,
My Strength and Action gone, I mount the Stage,
With all the Frailtys that attend on Age,
And nothing left me but the constant Will,
And Natural Inclination to do ill.
Glad to sham off with all my Vanquisht Hope,
To save that Neck that would disgrace a Rope.

My Hopes are fled, let Death wind up the Charm,
Lifes but a Plague when I can do no harm;
Your Canting *Words* no longer will prevail,
Your *Liberty*, and *Property* is Stale;
The *Rights* and *Priviledges* of the Nation,
Are but cast Suits, when *Loyalty* is in Fashion.
Your *Plots* and *Perjuries* will do no more,
Your *Slavery*, and *Arbitrary Power*,
Are like my Banish'd Self thrown out of Door.

What now remains, but that the *Tap* should Burst?
Who can do any more, that has done his worst?
That the Proud Foe Rejoyce not in my Fall,
Now Heart, break Heart, and Baffle *Catch* and All.
But e're I Fall a Victim though too late,
In a Vile Nation, to a Viler Fate,
I thus Bequeath the Remnant of my Estate.

My former Will as Fates Decretals stands,
But something's due unto the *Netherlands*;
For their Civilities, since here I fled,
Foul Linnen, stinking Fish, and mouldy Bread.
To th' *States* because they are a Free-born Nation,
I do Bequeath my New Association,
That perfect Model of true *Anarchy*,
And Charm against all *Monarch Tyranny*.
Tho' to live here, (had it so pleas'd the Fates,)
I had been King, or th' Devil had had the *States*.

My Heart with Faction flam'd that Source of Evil,
I leave to my Old *Club* that haunts the *Devil*.
As Fickle and as False as is your own
Sworn Enemy, to all that Sways the Throne.

My

My Lungs (my *Ignoramus* Friends) is yours,
But for my Leights, I leave em to the *Bores*;
To Blow the Bellows of each New *Sedition*,
On any Change of *Faction*, or *Religion*.

My *Tap* and *Spiggot* was disposd before,
Or that had serv'd some *Belgick* Commons-Shew;
A Soveraign Cure for an *Hydroptick* Nation,
To stop, or else let out the Inundation.
To drown the *Monsieur* for his late Abuses,
And vent out all their Venom through the Sluces.

I leave my *Brains* to that *Incestious* Crew,
The *Lordly Tribe*, who lofty *Treasons* Brew;
Those Hot-Brain'd Fiery *Catalines* of State,
Who their own, and the Nations Ills Create,
And will, I fear like Me, Repent too Late.

To *Bethel* and his Brethren I Resign
The Ax which baffled Fate predestin'd Mine;
To do that Execution they would bring
On *Monarchy*, and an *Indulgent* King.

To th' *Salamanca* Beagle of the Plot,
I leave a Halter at his proper Lot;
For his ill Management, while *Tory* striv'd,
Of an ill Plot that was so well contriv'd.

And Lastly to those Friends who were at Strife,
Losing Themselves to Save a wretched Life;
I do Bequeath my Sledg as the just Fee
Of their Accumulated Perjury.

These With my Gouts, and Pains, I leave to those,
Who did my long deserved Fate oppose;
Their too officious Kindness prov'd a Curse,
To Hang is bad, to dye Unpitty'd's worse;
Since I had rather fall'n a Martyr there,
Then Rot, and Moulder in Effigie, here.

You the Trustees of this my Dying Will,
If you in Villany wou'd prosper still,
Be sure you justly every Point fulfil.

FINIS.

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